

1484 CC10



OCTOBER;

A

P O E M.





OCTOBER; A POEM:

Inscrib'd to the
For-Hunters
O F
GREAT-BRITAIN.

In TWO BOOKS.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Hor.

----- *Tum pauper cornua sumit.*

Ovid.

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. HARBIN, and Sold by J. MORPHEW,
near Stationer's-Hall, 1717.

OCTOBER;

A

P O M:



For-Books

O I

GREAT-BRITAIN.

In TWO BOOKS

For Family Circle: given you the first of the

— The first volume of the

L O N D O N

Printed by R. H. Martin, and sold by J. Martin,
near St. James's Hall, 1717.



OCTOBER; A POEM.

BOOK I.



ET Gallic Bards, inspir'd with genuine
Wines,

In lofty Flights sing *Bacchus'* blooming

Vines :

From gen'rous Grapes how racy Nectar flows,

When bursting Globes their liquid Pulp disclose.

How

6 OCTOBER;

How teeming Clusters swell with sprightly Juice,
'And silver Streams, or purple Floods, produce.

'A native Subject for my Verse I chuse :
'An *English* Theme becomes an *English* Muse.
Immortal *PHILIPS* sung in noble Lays,
How blushing Apples sound *Pomona's* Praise :
How vital Sap through foster'd Scyons flows,
'And num'rous Gems their fragrant Bloom disclose :
How juicy Fruit, mellow'd by *Phæbus'* Beams,
Compress'd, dissolve, transform'd to sparkling
Streams.

ALBION a Liquor boasts, smooth, strong, and
fine,

Excelling Cyder, unexcell'd by Wine.

The Theme, untouch'd, invites; my Bosom glows;

Tho' mighty Labours various Scenes impose.

Aonian

A P O E M.

9

Aonian Nymphs of *Pindus'* flow'ry Hill,
 My soaring Breast with heavenly Raptures fill.
 Studious of *England's* Fame, sustain'd, I'll sing,
 How swelling Seed from pregnant Furrows spring:
 How spiral Hops incline to *Cynthus'* Urn,
 And crystal Floods to golden Currents turn.

Others may celebrate fam'd *Vigo's* Boom;
 Proud *Blenhiem's* Plain, or prostrate *Dunkirk's* Doom;
 Sounding in *Epic* Numbers fierce Alarms,
 And rousing *Mars* in adamantine Arms:
 Or, Peace preferr'd, rehearse in softer Strains
 The Loves and active Sports of rural Swains.
 Mine be the Task to sing their annual Toil;
 Their creaking Wains, and *Ceres'* fertile Soil.

When bounteous *Jove* descends in brooding
 Show'rs,

And decks gay *Flora's* Breast with od'rous Flow'rs.

Lo,

8 O C T O B E R ;

Lo, harrow'd Acres teem with sprouting Grain;
 And thick'ning Blades compose a verdant Plain;
 Which shoot their forky Points from fruitful Beds,
 Till hoary Beards protect their waving Heads.

Propitious *Ceres* pleasing Objects yields;
 Luxurious Plenty smiles o'er all the Fields.

Such kindly Crops, as ancient Poets feign,
 Spontaneous sprung in *Saturn's* golden Reign.

Now sweeping Mowers, prone, strike equal Blows,
 In artless Parallels fall silver Rows,
 Which change their Form, and sudden Cocks
 compose.

Alternate Wains with heavy Loads return,
 And naked Fields their ravish'd Honours mourn:
 Part Barns contain, dang'rous as silent Shades,
 Or lonesome Springs, to blushing tim'rous Maids;
 Part bears in lofty Ricks *Jove's* 'vengeful Pow'rs,
 Unmov'd by Winds, unpierc'd by driving Show'rs.

Succes-

Succesſive Labour, flouriſh'd Flails rebotind,
 And ſolid Floors with num'rous Strokes reſound.
 When *Zephyrs*, hush'd, their breezy Gales forbear,
 Swift Fans unfurl, and gather ambient Air.
 The guſhing Pump the ſpacious Cifterns fills,
 The ſwelling Corn imbibes the vital Rills.
 Diffuſive Vigour piercing Streams convey,
 And curling Fibres pregnant Grains diſplay :
 The hollow'd Shovel turns the growing Heap,
 'Till Buds begin from ſofter'd Rinds to peep.
 Mild, genial, Heat's diffus'd by gentle Fire ;
 The Duſt ſubſides, or flits thro' ſounding Wire.
 Hence ſocial Liquor ſpacious Casks contain ;
 Hence bright Decanters circling Glaſſes drain.

No longer *Evius*, does the cluſter'd Vine
 Unrival'd flouriſh with immortal Wine.
 Fair *Ceres* reigns, her gen'rous Crops produce
 Nectar, delicious as thy boated Juice.

10 OCTOBER;

See ! spiky Harvests funny Hills adorn ;
 Thy pulpos Bunches yield to flou'ry Corn.
 Hence vanquish'd God : Auspicious *Ceres* reigns ;
 Her Empire's fix'd, no *Salic* Law restrains.

What Soil suits active Seed, what Land to chuse,
 And when to sow employ'd great *Virgil's* Muse.
 His lofty *Georgics* choicest Rules impart ;
 The sacred *Æneis* yields to rural Art :
 But mighty *Maro* golden Harvests sung,
 Barley, its Worth conceal'd, inglorious sprung.
 Thus stubborn Flints ætherial Fire inclos'd,
 'Till happy Chance the hidden Sparks expos'd.

Ceres, by *Neptune* ravish'd, dress'd in Weeds,
 Retir'd to Caves, and flighted genial Seeds.
 Her fully'd Fame, and cruel Fate, she mourn'd,
 Nor, 'till asswag'd by anxious *Jove*, return'd.

Thus

A P O E M. II

Thus *Phaëton* from flaming *Æther* hurl'd,
 Continu'd Night involv'd th' affrighted World :
 But angry *Sol*, when awful *Jove* implor'd,
 Resum'd his Post, and radiant Light restor'd.
 Young *Proserpine* appeas'd her troubled Breast,
 And rowling Years deferr'd Revenge suppress'd :
 But *Proserpine* was gather'd in her Bloom,
 Convey'd by am'rous *Dis* to *Stygian* Gloom,
 Gath'ring of Flow'rs in *Enna's* fragrant Grove,
 With beauteous *Nymphs*, *Dis* seiz'd his fairer Love.
Ceres, enrag'd, ambrosial Food refus'd,
 Search'd ev'ry Court, and ev'ry God accus'd.
 She view'd with piercing Eyes the silent Floods,
 And deep Recesses of the shady Woods.
 But all in vain, from distant Realms return'd,
 Near *Cyane's* Spring her fruitless Toil she mourn'd :
 The conscious *Nymph* reveng'd her alter'd Shape,
 Inform'd the Goddess, and divulg'd the Rape.

12 O C T O B E R ;

How odious *Dis* to gloomy Shades convey'd
 The trembling Fair, by treach'rous Swains betray'd :
 Fatal Resentment seiz'd her wrathful Breast,
 And swift Revenge impetuous Rage confess'd.
 Hence heavenly Juice no longer flow'd, assign'd
 For ev'ry Drop, an unsuspected Rind :
 A pow'rful Juice, that tinctures crystal Urns,
 And simple Brooks to lively Nectar turns.
 Thus injur'd *Juno* rais'd a furious Storm,
 And raging Waves reveng'd her slighted Form.
 But curious Art a lucky Search pursu'd
 By glimm'ring Light, and chearful Nectar brew'd :
 The lurking Juice, conceal'd in hoary Flour,
 Its Tincture spread, express'd by *Chymic* Pow'r.
 Had *Greece*, or *Rome*, for *Delian* Arts renown'd,
 With modern *Dorset*, ancient Goblets crown'd :
 Inspir'd with flowing Bowls, poetic Swains
 Had prais'd *October* in exalted Strains :

Octo-

October had surpass'd *Falernian* Wine,
And bearded Crops eclips'd the sov'reign Vine.

First, *Ceres*, rural Arms for Tillage fram'd,
And stubborn Steers with gauling Collars tam'd:
Her solemn Altars grateful Hinds ador'd,
And long Processions kindly Crops implor'd;
For hopeful Blades on raging Signs depend;
Fervours prove fatal, vi'lent Rains descend.
The sunny Region craves solstitial Show'rs,
While humble Valleys dread the wat'ry Pow'rs.
When num'rous Loads descend from hilly Ground,
Floods swell below, the ruin'd Fields lie drown'd.
When sultry Rays contract the murm'ring Rills,
The loamy Vales support the thirsty Hills.

Ye happy, Swains remote from guilty Courts,
Bless'd with alternate Toil, and healthy Sports,

14 O C T O B E R ;

Old Rites perform, wear sacred Wreaths of Oaks,
Sing *Ceres*' Praise, and timely Help invoke.
When juicy Branches od'rous Blossoms bear,
And Crops mature with hoary Heads appear.
The Goddess, pleas'd, will furious Signs assuage,
Correct their Influence, and avert their Rage.
No sweeping Blast shall hard'ning Ears destroy,
But harmless Peasants plenteous Ease enjoy.

Fine, mellow, Earth, a Cereal Verdure crowns;
Such crumbling Soil adjoins to grassy Downs:
Where *Pales*' snowy Flocks crop fragrant Thyme,
While rival Swains contend in past'ral Rhyme;
Or tune their Pipes, or sing *Arcadian* Lays;
The Birds sit hush'd, and listen from the Sprays,
Light, open, Ground, and flinty Fields approve,
Such glebe *Eleusis* favours from above:
Nor grav'ly Land despise, nor chalky Peaks,
Or shining Mold, inclin'd to sandy Streaks.

Such

Such hungry Soil, refresh'd with frequent Rain,
 Bears num'rous Cocks, and unexpected Gain.
 Not fertile Lands, untill'd, their Honours yield,
 Culture, and rural Art, cloaths ev'ry Field.
 In *Saturn's* gentle Reign, bright Nectar rowl'd
 Its various Streams o'er glittering Sands of Gold.
 Earth deck'd her Lap, untouch'd with Ploughs or
 Spades,
 Spontaneous Harvests rais'd their crowding Blades:
 But now no voluntary Crops arise;
 Old *Saturn's* exil'd from his native Skies.
 Immortal Nectar flows thro' heavenly Plains;
 But still some Tincture of the Gold remains.
 Irriguous Waters empty Vales supply'd,
 And rowling, in perpetual Motion glide.
 Since *Jove* begun his arbitrary Reign,
 The Corn degen'rates on the fertile Plain.
 Hence various Arts ensu'd; hence Practice found,
 How Grains alternate thrive on furrow'd Ground.

How

16 OCTOBER;

How Change of Soil, improv'd by skilful Hinds,
Yields gen'rous Corn, and swells th' extended
Rinds.

This useful Precept yearly Profit brings;
On vary'd Glebe successive Plenty springs.

A native Juice impregnates loamy Fields,
Whose nitrous Moisture fertile Harvests yields:
Indulgent *Ceres* brooding Plenty strows;
Such mellow Acres fruitful Vales compose.
Gay Meadows smile, enrich'd by ductile Streams,
'And full-ear'd Crops, unhurt by *Titan's* Beams.
'As *Pallas* Cities, *Venus* Myrtle Groves,
'And *Pales* Downs, *Eleusis* Vallies loves.
Near *Ifis* Stream, * a spacious Tract of Ground
Extends its Glebe, with rural Honours crown'd.

* Vale of *White-Horse*.

A P O E M. 17

Not *Hermus*' Fields bore thicker Crops of Corn;
 The wealthy Hinds boast *Amalthæa*'s Horn.
 The gentle Flood by sacred *Oxford* flows,
 And into *Thames* its honour'd Current throws.
Oxford, *Minerva*'s Seat, unmov'd by Fate,
 Forms strenuous Patriots for *Britannia*'s State.
 Majestic *Thames* surveys remotest Shores,
 And reflux Tides bear *India*'s richest Stores.
 A plenteous (a) Vale near loamy *Ev'sham* lies,
 And hoarded Corn for flowing Vats supplies.
 The *Severn* swift, with rapid Fury pours,
 And washes mitred Seats with lofty Tow'rs.
 Here *Glo'ster* shews her Walls; that fatal Sound
 Draws Blood afresh from *Albion*'s op'ning Wound.
 Young, Royal, *Glo'ster*, snatch'd in Beauty's Bloom,
 Nor *ANNE*, nor *Albion*, cou'd retard his Doom:

(a) *Evesham* Vale.

18 OCTOBER;

A beauteous Prince, of mighty Hopes, design'd
To stifle Faction, and compose Mankind.

But heavenly Justice, branding impious Times,
Resum'd her Gift, and punish'd *Albion's* Crimes.

The Rills, and vocal Groves, his Loss deplore;
Soft *Zephyrs* sigh, young *Glo'ster's* now no more.

Thus pensive *Rome* for great *Marcellus* griev'd;
Rome had still conquer'd, had *Marcellus* liv'd.

In ev'ry County, harrow'd Fields appear,
And milky Blades a hopeful Verdure rear.
Streams, Meadows, bushy Woods, and lofty Trees,
Scenes interspers'd, with vary'd Objects please.
But sparkling Nectar owes its lively Juice
To kindly Corn, which *Dorset* Plains produce:
Fair *Dorset*, lov'd by rural Deities, boasts
Rich Pastures, furrow'd Lands, and verdant Coasts.

Here

Here *Maiden-Castle* num'rous Crops furveys,
There gentle *Frome* thro' painted Meadows plays.
As ancient *Rome* distinguish'd gen'rous Wines
By Towns, and Hills, adorn'd with blooming Vines :
Thus *English* Nectar's as renown'd in Fame,
And takes from *Dorset* its immortal Name.

Ceres, averse to Courts, admires the Plain,
And *Pales*-like, instructs the harmless Swain.
Ev'n Cots, obscure, her bounteous Favours share,
And Fields, remote, her lib'ral Gifts declare.
But while my Muse the happy Glebe furveys,
Sad Scenes occur for melancholy Lays:
Eternal Tracts of civil Wars appear,
Dreadful Impressions ruinous Castles bear :
Fit Themes for Grief ! Inglorious Trophies rise,
And rusty Swords the curious Muse surprise,

From factious Rage, what dire Confusion springs?
Subjects turn Rebels, and resist their Kings.
Thus perjur'd *Britons*, with insulting Pride,
Snatch'd impious Arms, and sacred CHARLES defy'd.
Then peaceful Brewers mourn'd their empty Tuns,
Scythes chang'd to Swords, and rounding Streaks to
Guns.

The pensive Hind beheld his fruitful Soil,
O'ergrown with Thistles, or the Soldier's Spoil.
Now mould'ring Helms obstruct the pointed Share,
And frequent Urns the bloody Spots declare.
On (a) *Keinton* Fields the tragic Work begun,
Th' expiring (b) General cheer'd his captive (c) Son.
Hence bloody Fights, and fierce Attacks, ensu'd,
'Till prosp'rous Rebels, royal Arms subdu'd.

(a) Battle of *Edgehill*.

(b) Earl of *Lindsey*.

(c) Lord *Willoughby*, taken Prisoner, piously endeavouring to rescue his Father.

What gallant Warriors met untimely Fate,
 Supporting Prelates Sees, and *Albion's* State;
 Our *English* (a) *Cicero*, more than *Cicero* bold,
 Describ'd their Battles, and their Fame enroll'd:
 In ev'ry Page immortal Acts inspire,
 The Patriot's Virtue, and the Hero's Fire.
 His flowing Lines, like celebrated Lays,
 Record their Actions, and preserve their Praise.
 What *Clio* sings, while *Cynthius* shines, shall last,
 In spite of *Jove*, or Fire, or Envy's Blast.
 Here (b) *Compton* charg'd, with fatal Brav'ry fir'd,
 And greatly in his Country's Cause expir'd:
 There *Cornish* Foot storm'd *Landsdowne's* steepy Post,
 And Victors, mourn'd their glorious (c) Darling lost.

(a) Earl of *Clarendon*.

(b) The brave Earl of *Northampton*, kill'd on *Hopton-Heath*, having first vanquish'd the Enemies Horse.

(c) Sir *Bevil Grandvil*, slain at the Battle of *Landsdowne*, where the Parliament Forces were defeated.

Here

22 OCTOBER;

Here *Wilmot's* (a) furious Troops, with loofen'd Reins,
Chac'd flying *Waller* o'er the dusty Plains:

There laurel'd Cohorts mounted (b) lofty Walls,
See! (c) *Slanning* drops, and brave (c) *Trevannion*
falls:

See! (d) *Grandison*, egregious Hero, bleeds,
In Council sage, renown'd for gen'rous Deeds.
(e) *Newb'ry*, like dire *Emathian* Plains before,
Twice gleam'd with Shields, twice flow'd with
kindred Gore.

Here (f) *Falkland* drop'd, here (f) *Dormer*, much
deplor'd,

The Ball prov'd fatal, as the hostile Sword:

(a) *Roundway* Fight.

(b) The Storm at *Bristol*.

(c) *Cornish* Gentlemen of worthy ancient Families.

(d) A young Lord of great Worth and Honour.

(e) There were two Battles fought near that Town.

(f) Noblemen of prodigious Parts, and universal Learning.

This *Themis* lov'd, that *Phæbus* did inspire,
 This held the Scales, and that the sounding Lyre.
 There (a) *Stuart* fell, his beauteous Body torn;
 And, *Pallas*-like, on crowding Soldiers born.
 The Hero Camps preferr'd, and shining Arms,
 T'ignoble Ease, and *Venus*' rosy Charms.
 Nor does the Muse forget (b) *Aubigny*'s Name,
 Or valiant (b) *Liebfeld*, of immortal Fame.
 Who can, unmov'd, look back on (c) *Marston* Moor?
 Or (d) *Naseby* Fields, fat with *Patrician* Gore?
 The (e) *Delian* Train were forc'd to quit their Halls;
 Not *Pallas*' Arts could save their sacred Walls.
 Fell *Eris* rag'd: but I'll complain no more
 Of ruin'd Hinds, or loyal Chiefs deplore.

-
- (a) Lord *John Stuart*, kill'd near *Alresford*.
 (b) Brothers to the young Lord before-mention'd.
 (c) A Battle fought near *York*, fatal to the King.
 (d) In that Battle the Kingdom was lost.
 (e) *Oxford*, taken by *Fairfax*.

Ev'n

24 OCTOBER;

Ev'n Sacred CHARLES fell with the falling State;
 Nor could the Church survive the Martyr's Fate.
 The helpless *Lares* saw the Monarch bleed,
 Gods! that rebellious Crimes should thus succeed.
 All Nature groan'd, the Sun withdrew his Beams,
 And River-Gods admir'd their refluent Streams.
 Hence canker'd Rage, hence dire Distractions spring,
 Still *Britain's* Church laments her fav'rite King.
 Thus trait'rous Rebels crown'd their hellish Pride,
 The greatest Prince, and best of Christians, dy'd.

Freed from th' unpleasant Task, my willing Muse
 Resumes her Theme, and promis'd Work pursues.
 Let lofty Poles support thy climbing Hops,
 Or what avail our silver, bearded, Crops?
 In vain pent Streams swell with collected Rills;
 In vain ground Malt the tinct'ring Vessel fills.

Select,

Select deep, hazle, Land for genial Binds,
 Near lowly Vales, inclos'd from noxious Winds.
 A moist, rich, Earth rewards thy tedious Toil,
 Shun meagre Land, stiff Clay, and stony Soil.
 Tough, restive, Ground, averse to gen'rous Fruit,
 With stubborn Mold obstructs the fibrous Root.
 In *Venus*' show'ry Month, or blooming May,
 The Poles, erect, the twisting Shoots display.
 Contiguous Hills, like Vines, form artful Rows,
 Whose fructuous Circles Parallels compose.
 Thus Troops, review'd, in graceful Ranks appear,
 And Heroes, rang'd, drop their Spontoons with Care.
 Each pregnant Hill a triple Pole's assign'd,
 And ev'ry Pole sustains a triple Bind;
 The friendly Props, dispos'd in measur'd Trines,
 Triangles make of equilat'ral Lines.

D

That

26 OCTOBER;

That vital Juice may regularly rise,
 And branching Binds resist inclement Skies.
 The shooting Top, warm'd by *Titanian* Heat,
 Inclines its grateful Point to *Phæbus*' Seat.
 The piercing Root with stringy Fibres tends,
 Deep to the Centre, as its Head ascends;
 The spiral Trunk the circled Pole entwines,
 In am'rous Folds, and clings like curling Vines.
 When Clouds in sultry *June* dissolve in Rills,
 Pare humid Soil, and cherish thirsty Hills.
 When Leaves begin to drop, oft' sudden Winds,
 Subvert the Poles, and crush the prostrate Binds:
 Let lusty Swains prevent th' impending Storm,
 And stroling Damsels nimble Work perform.
 On cover'd Laths thy gather'd Treasure lay,
 Let Coke, or Charcoal, gentle Heat convey.
 Hence rip'ning Casks retain their lively Taste,
 In *Procyon*'s Reign, and Winter's keenest Blast:

But

But annual Labour calls; the Gods implore,
Induce rich Soil, nor slight thy hidden Store.
The cherish'd Roots conceal their tender Heads,
And creep secure in subteranean Beds.
Boreas in vain the troubled Welkin rends,
Ev'n angry *Jove* in empty Storms descends.

Smooth, mellow, Brooks for mantling Nectar chuse
Steep floury Malt, and kindly Hops infuse:
Soft, genial, Streams wash chalky Veins below,
Or bubbling thence, thro' painted Vallies flow.
From *Dorset* Cisterns lively Malt excels,
Kent yields fine Hops, where reflux *Medway* swells.
Springs are too harsh, whose briny Waters creep
O'er marshy Ground, near *Tethys'* ouzy Deep;
And limpid Rills, whose purling Fountains rise,
Near ocreous Spaws, their steely Taste despise.

28 OCTOBER;

Let *Hampstead* Wells, untouch'd, their Virtues boast,
And, undisturb'd, restore the fading Toast.

Bright, lucid, Globes are form'd by milky Streams,
Like *Iris*' Bow, by *Phæbus*' adverse Beams.

While hamous Rills from scented Wash-Balls fly,
Tonfors, in vain, their nimble Fingers ply.

Now foster'd Hops their weeping Tendrils hide,
And stubble Fields lament their ravish'd Pride.

The Brewer, pleas'd, salutes the distant Sun,
And fills with pow'rful Malt the spacious Tun.

Nor ends his Toil, when downy *Morpheus* Reigns,
And Lovers slumber, eas'd of *Cupid*'s Chains.

That hoarded Casks may chearful Mirth inspire,
And aged Veins resume their youthful Fire.

Soft Liquor, pump'd, the roomy Copper fills,
Or ductile *Siphons* stream with genial Rills.

Fierce,

Fierce, rapid, Heat's diffus'd by circling Flames,
 The Metal glows, the working Fluid steams.
 When Surges rise, and the swoln Surface heaves,
 The ready Vat the fiery Flood receives.
 Thro' hollow Trunks impetuous Currents flow,
 And spreading, fill th' extended Void below.
 Thro' num'rous Ducts the rising Liquor glides,
 And works its various Course in active Tides.
 Compacted Parts, disjoin'd by pliant Oars,
 Imbibe soft Streams, and swell their little Pores.
 Each piercing Drop exerts its subtle Pow'r,
 Extracts rich Juice, and sucks the teeming Flow'r.
 Hyblean Bees, to form their golden Floods,
 Cull od'rous Dews, and rob the spicy Buds;
 Their *Dadal* Mouths delicious Nectar swells,
 Their Thighs bear gummy Wax for fretwork Cells.

Ambro-

30 OCTOBER;

Ambrosial Honey shines; bright Monarchs sway,
 Each Hive's a Kingdom; Bees like S— obey.
 Impartial Justice reigns; old Bards suppos'd,
 That mighty Souls their little Breasts inclos'd.
 But Vi'lets, Thyme, and ev'ry fragrant Rose,
 For liquid Sweets their juicy Bloom disclose.
 While Malt, infus'd, brisk, mellow, Nectar yields,
 As pearly Buds, or Grapes on *Celtic* Fields.
 Now brooding Floods, transform'd to *British* Wine,
 By Flour dissolv'd, like liquid Amber shine.
 The tinctur'd Streams in subject Vessels run,
 Nor cease the Labours of the *Cereal* Tun.
 The tortur'd Wort in reflux Currents flows,
 Twice swells the Liquor, twice the Furnace glows.
 Now quickning Hops, in viscous Fluids cast,
 Improve their Flavour, and preserve the Taste.

When

When ragged Flakes upon the Surface play,
 Thro' sloping Shoots the bitter Flood convey.
 The temper'd Stream its cumber'd Fluid rowls,
 Thro' straining Vessels pierc'd with num'rous Holes:
 A spacious Back the settling Guile contains,
 Which by Degrees its pristine Coolness gains.
 Thro' brazen Cocks the spouting Current runs,
 Which blending Yeast ferments in working Tuns.
 The liquid clears, its grosser Parts refine,
 Thick Foam ascends, and grouty Dregs decline.
 Hence Pipes unhurt with sprightly *Dorset* mould,
 Whose chearful Cups a long Succession hold.

Hail, *Albion!* fruitful Isle; thy fragrant Plains,
 And cristal Streams, deserve *Pierian* Strains.
 Dryads, and Fawns, frequent thy shady Woods,
 And azure *Naiads* skim thy gentle Floods.

What

32 OCTOBER;

What Groves, what verdant Downs, what Sylvan
 Glades,
 Refreshing Grotts, cool Springs, and mossy Shades?
 The *Muses* quit the *Heliconian* Spring,
 In *English* Woods *Jove's* charming Daughters sing.
Ceres with smiling Crops adorns the Fields,
Pomona Fruits, rich Odours *Flora* yields.
 What Herds, what fleecy Flocks, and tuneful Swains?
 No longer *Pan* admires *Menalian* Plains.
 What foaming Steeds for Hunting, War, or Race?
Epirus yields, and *Mars* forsakes his *Thrace*.
 Egregious Heroes brandish glitt'ring Arms,
 And lovely Maids breath unresisted Charms.
 Sov'reign of Isles, great Empress of the Main,
Neptune to thee resigns his watry Reign.
 Thy tow'ring Oaks have ev'ry Coast explor'd,
 And ev'ry Nation dreads thy conqu'ring Sword.

What

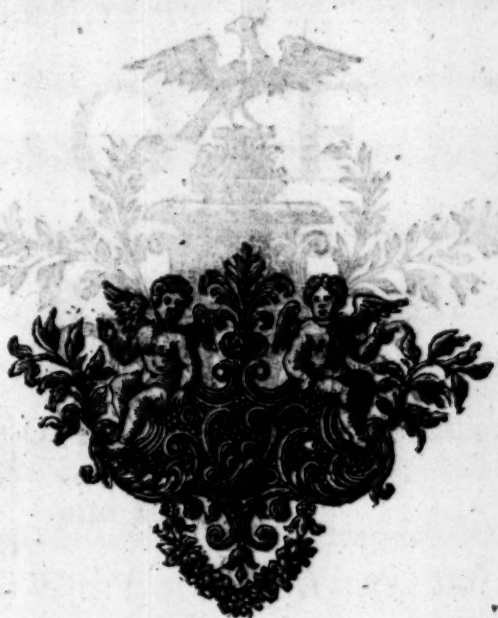
A P O E M. 33

What stately Piles, what sumptuous Fabricks rise ?

What Spires ascend, and vary'd Scenes surprize ?

Let swelling Clusters shine on *Gallia's* Coasts,

And *Spanish* Hills : *Albion* *October* boasts.



What rarely Piles, what numerous Pitches rise
What Spires ascend, and varied Scenes surprise
Let nothing Counter shine on Gull's Coast,
And Steep Hills, show Obelisks



B
A
A
L



OCTOBER;

A

POEM.

BOOK II.



LONDON, amidst its Lux'ry, Wealth,
and Pride,

With sparkling Wines, and silken Ales,

supply'd,

Beheld her Cits disfigur'd in their Bloom,

And gasping Heroes hurry'd to the Tomb.

A tinctur'd Juice its tempting Charms display'd,

Impos'd for Wine, and fatal Warmth convey'd.

36 OCTOBER;

Bright, heady, Liquors treach'rous Mirth inspir'd,
And rosy Health to humble Cots retir'd.

Lords botch'd with Pimples from *P*——'s refrain'd;
'Squires, indispos'd, of aching Heads complain'd.

Cyder, with Claret Lees, and Purple Sloes,
In blushing Floods with borrow'd Lustre flows.
With golden Sparkles yeasty *Burton* shines,
And viscous Isinglass thick Pipes refines.

Thus deadly Mixtures mimick'd foreign Flasks,
And racking Ferments poison'd native Casks.
Hence crimson Spots disfigure angry Beaux,
And vi'lent Pains young Lawers discompose.

Ye lively Sparks, to genial Mirth inclin'd,
Observe my Rules, for sprightly Health design'd.
Abstain from *Drury* Courts, shun fatal Signs,
Decry'd for bloating Ales, or vicious Wines.

Fly

Fly dang'rous Rooms, where saucy Sharpers roar,
 And empty Bubbles luckless Mains deplore.
 But (a) *Marble's* frequent; at (b) *Compton's* Ev'nings
 pass;

Where *Dorset* sparkles in the harmless Glafs.
 Nor, check'd, regard, what *Cynic* Censors say;
 Ev'n *Cato's* Virtue moisten'd *Cato's* Clay.

Near *Temple-Bar*, for costly Fish renown'd,
 Above with Heads, below with Monarchs crown'd;
 In quiet Mansions *Ceres* keeps her Court,
 Where num'rous Vot'ries ev'ry Night resort,
 Two pendant Signs, sacred to Mirth, invite,
 And brimming Glasses crown the chearful Night.
 Instructive Wit conspires with social Joys.
 Nor Cars disturb, nor Coaches louder Noise.

(a) *Jack Marble's*, at the *Trumpet* in *Sheer-Lane*.
 (b) *Charles Compton*, at the *Harrow* and *Horns* in *Bell-Yard*.
 They sell *Dorset* in Perfection.

38 OCTOBER;

Cynthia serene her silver Chariot drives ;
 Gay Pleasure smiles, and ev'ry Toast revives.
 The *Trumpet* here, and there the *Harrow* shines,
 This drawn in golden, that in azure Lines.
 The *Trumpet*, peaceful grown, no longer sounds
 Heroic Preludes to destructive Wounds ;
 But gentler Airs, and softer Songs, succeed ;
 No longer *Pallas* frowns, nor Heroes bleed.
 Now circling Glasses sprightly Thoughts inspire,
 And charming Toasts with lofty Raptures fire.
 The *Harrow*, wont to smoothe the ridgy Soil,
 In Triumph hangs, unfit for rural Toil.
 Distinguish'd *Horns*, with golden Tips above,
 Shew stol'n Embraces, and polluted Love.
 With such *October* bless'd, I'll ne'er complain ;
 Let *France* wear wooden Shoes, and drink
 Champaign.
 Let *Spain* and *Tuscan* Hills boast purple Wines,
 Pop'ry prevails, I envy not their Vines.

Dorset

A P O E M. 39

Dorset extoll'd, from streaming Pipes shall flow,
While hoary Crops on teeming Acres grow.

No longer now in *Ceres*' blissful Reign,
Shall fretting Beaux of putrid Spots complain.
Immortal *Dorset* racy Wine excels;
Inspires brisk Health, and gloomy Care expels,
A Hermit's Breast with genial Heat it warms,
Smooths furrow'd Brows, and furious Rage dis-
arms.

Gay, lusty, 'Squires with lively Vigour move.
Heroes, and Patriots, smiling *Dorset* love.
Young Lawyers, spruce, as votive Vestals chaste,
Extol the Colour, and admire the Taste.
A mellow Flavour and a hoary Head,
The brightest Advocates, resistless plead,
Pallas, the Patroness of tuneful Song,
From sacred *Jove*, inspir'd with Nectar, sprung,
Dorset,

40 OCTOBER;

Dorset, like *Musick*, charms our drooping Souls;
 Young *Strephon* drowns Despair in flowing Bowls.
 In aged Veins they quicken sluggish Blood,
 Kindle new Life, and fire the lazy Flood,
 Thus fam'd *Medea* *Jason's* Vessels brew'd,
 And by her pow'rful Herbs his Youth renew'd.

Tories, and Whigs, amidst domestick Jars,
 Destructive Discord, and intestine Wars,
 Tho' Rage and Spite their partial Breasts inflame,
 Unbrib'd, unask'd, brisk *Dorset's* Worth proclaim.
 In sep'rate Rooms distinguish'd Nymphs they toast,
 Their laurel'd Chiefs, and strenuous Patriots boast.
 In mutual Pleasure jovial Hours they spend,
 While Clouds from Tubes in curling Spires ascend.
 Bottles, well cork'd, rich, amber, Floods contain,
 Which Cranes, inflex'd, in mounting Currents drain.

In

A P O E M. 41

In bright Decanters rising Bubbles shine ;
 A hoary Head ascends, no Dregs decline,
 In crystal Glasses floating Atoms knit ;
 Pleasure instructs, Diversion brightens Wit.

When early 'Prentices sweep sprinkled Shops ;
 Tho' snug in Beds of Down sleep empty Fops ;
 Volumes of Law employ young Templers Brains,
 This studies *Maro*, that *Athenian* Strains ;
 While others sweetly sing harmonious *Airs* ;
 This kills fair Ladies, that his Brace of Hares ;
 No numbing Dizziness, no searching Pain,
 Affects the Head, or clogs the lab'ring Brain :
 No bilious Phlegm o'erloads the burthen'd Breast ;
 Nor are the Joints with shooting Pains oppress'd.
 But chearful Health OCTOBER's Virtue proves,
 And ev'ry Nerve with sprightly Vigour moves.

F

When

When Cares intrude, or noisy Coxcombs tease,
'A Glafs of *English* Wine gives present Ease,
Two Bottles nicely rack'd, compose a Dream,
Like whisp'ring Shades, or *Pindus'* purling Stream.
Inspir'd with *Dorset*, ev'ry abject Slave,
Starts a Patrician, ev'ry Coward's brave.
'A Tailor, flush'd, believes himself a Lord,
And ev'ry U---- wears his ready Sword.
Sparkling Decanters brighten Conversation,
'And honest Fellows shine in ev'ry Station.
Bright Sparks extol fine Opera's and Plays,
Gay Courtiers, num'rous Levees, pop'lar Praise.
Grave, serious, Dons of rural Pleasures talk,
And place Contentment in a flow'ry Walk.
A Country Squire of Horses, Dogs, and Cocks;
The Merchant, *Indian* Stores, precarious Stocks:

A Painter *Titian* Strokes, *Elisa's* Loves,
 Or snowy *Venus*, with her harness'd Doves:
 An Architect, tall Columns, deep Cascades:
 A Gard'ner, Jess'min Bow'rs, and Myrtle Shades:
 A Warrior draws *Belgrade*, or *Ister's* Flood,
 And trampled Meadows fat with *Turkish* Blood:
 A Carver breathing Stones, and Sculpture, boasts:
 Brisk Lovers, reigning Beauties, living Toasts.
 Now blushing Nymphs in rival Order pass,
 And study'd Epithets crown ev'ry Glass.
 A chearful Round contending Beauties reign,
 A charming C——, or a sprightly S——.
 Now Crambo puzzles, lively C—— cries, think,
 And honest H—— drinks, for nicking Drink.

Let not Excess to fatal Passions move;
 Friendly Decanters modest Wit improve.

44 OCTOBER;

'A decent Boldness reigns, distrustful Sense,
In bright Excursions shews its Excellence.
'Alternate Freedom, social Mirth inspires,
'And Harmony with perfect Pleasure fires.

Let peevish, thwarting, Rakes, whose Touch
wood Rage,
One Word inflames, no Rhet'rick can assuage.
Despis'd, and banish'd from *Eleusis*' Seat,
With Mohocks rant, possess'd with equal Heat.
Such dang'rous Sparks with impious Hands pro-
phane

'A spiral Bottleskrew, or concave Crane.
Immod'rate Cups to frantic Madness turn,
And raging Breasts with spiteful Rancour burn,
Decanters seiz'd inglorious Rage supply,
And Glasses hurl'd in bloody Fragments lie.

Glasses,

Glasses, for Pleasure form'd, and peaceful Swains;
Swords brandish'd gleam, and baneful Discord
reigns.

Pirithous' Nuptials reek'd with crimson Gore,
Gushing from *Centaur's*, weltring on the Floor,
Perseus enrag'd for bright *Cepheis* storm'd,
And *Phineus'* Friends to breathless Stones trans-
form'd.

May *Albion's* Isle with mutual Joys be crown'd;
And Party-Rage in social Liquors drown'd;
May Justice flourish, Piety encrease,
Faction be crush'd, and Prelates Discord cease:

To chuse Acquaintance is no easy Task,
Deucalion's Sons usurp the female Mask.
Conceited Fops in ev'ry Shape appear,
Like *Proteus* change, and vary'd Habits wear.

No

46 O C T O B E R ;

No longer Faces inward Thoughts reveal,
 Ev'n Smiles deceive, and rancour'd Hate conceal.
 Vile Flatt'ers swarm, and cringing Rooks intrude,
 Who can Brocade, and light Campaigns exclude?
 A staring Youth in Freedom's Dawn is lost,
 Seduc'd by ev'ry Afs, and ev'ry Toast.
 Th' unguarded Fool, allur'd by empty Shew,
 Affects gay Dress, and turns a flaming Beau.
 While cautious Persons, in Acquaintance nice,
 Nor Sharpers chouse, nor gaudy Fops entice.
 A worthy Friendship, well advis'd they chuse,
 Examine Men, and offer'd Baits refuse.

A medley, or large Company, I hate,
 And when induc'd, lament my angry Fate.
 The *Graces* an auspicious Number make,
 But add two *Muses* for *Minerva's* Sake.

Thus

Thus *Charles* prescrib'd, great injur'd *Charles* restor'd,
When bleeding *Albion* own'd her exil'd Lord.
Let loyal Hearts a Monarch's Rule approve,
Unequal Numbers please Almighty *Jove*.

The bright *Octobrians* knew the Worth of Beer,
Patriots renown'd, to honest *Britons* dear.
A celebrated Club, its glorious Name
Still shines enroll'd, and claims immortal Fame.
Each Senator advanc'd his Country's Cause,
Triumphant *Albion* boasted Golden Laws.
Stern *Mars* was fetter'd with a hundred Chains,
Peace shook her Wings, and Plenty crown'd our
Plains.

An *Æra*, stamp'd with White, its Course began,
And *Halcyon* Days the Solar Circuit ran.
Religion flourish'd, Truth her Seat maintain'd,
Astræa held the Scales, great *ANNA* reign'd.

Too

48 OCTOBER;

Too soon she fell, but deathless shines her Fame,
Tears copious gush at sacred *ANNA*'s Name.

Muse, quit the Town for *Dorset*'s spacious Plains,
And flow'ry Vales, where chaste *Diana* reigns.
E'er golden *Phœbus* shews his purple Head,
Or blushing *Eos* leaves *Tithonus*' Bed.
Fair *Delia*'s Hounds in mazy Circles play,
Till tinctur'd Tracks the wonted Scent convey.
From bushy Thickets conscious *Renard* hears
The distant Noise, and starts with sudden Fears.
Thro' verdant Pastures takes his rapid Flight,
Leaves Lambs untouch'd, and foams with envious
Spite.

Th' imprinted Grass from nimble Feet conveys,
A fatal Odour, which his Course betrays.
The raging Dogs with furious Speed pursue,
And snuff the Tincture from the rory Dew.

A heavenly Musick echoes all around,
 And chearful Voices vocal Woods resound.
 The trembling Fox declines th' unequal Course;
 Or falls a Victim to superior Force :
 In Caverns deep escapes his op'ning Foes;
 'Till piercing Spades the fhelt'ring Holes disclose.
 The joyful Squire proud with Success returns,
 And jolly Huntsmen wind their sprightly Horns.
 His gen'rous Board with rural Fare is crown'd,
 Strong *Dorset* smiles, and honest Healths go round.

When joyful Parents banish anxious Fears,
 Thro' *Juno*'s Favour, bless'd with blooming Heirs.
 Coæval Pipes for gen'ral Mirth are brew'd,
 And annual Rites with solemn Pomp renew'd.
 Not royal Births, or Festivals ordain'd,
 More Honour claim, for famous Battles gain'd.

G

Auspi-

50 O C T O B E R ;

Auspicious Healths inspire with sparkling Joy,
That gen'rous Virtues may adorn the Boy.
Each circling Year devoted Liquors flow,
From destin'd Casks, untouch'd, reserv'd below.
Vessels, well hop'd, and plac'd in Cellars deep,
Like old *Falern*, a hundred Winters keep.

O S——s! would the Stars propitious shine,
And *Juno* pity thy dejected Line.
A hundred Coppers should with *Dorset* steam,
And ev'ry Year a hundred Vessels stream.
S—— the Muses, and his Country's Love,
Forgive my Boldness, and my Verse approve.
True to Religion, of distinguish'd Race,
Thy shining Actions pristine Virtues grace.
Where T——, wouldst thou snatch my weary Muse?
But who can T——'s Eulogy refuse?

Honour

Honour and Worth adorn his loyal Breast,
 Of sacred Truth, by *Albion's* Friends caref's'd,
 His Vote unbiass'd wholesome Laws supports,
Rome he contemns, and arbitrary Courts.
 True to his Country, envy'd Posts declines,
 And happy in a private Station shines.
 Virtues innate within his Bosom blend,
 A steady Patriot, and a gen'rous Friend.
 May *Dorset* blef's'd, such strenuous Patriots boast,
 While founding Surges lash the sandy Coast.

Near gentle *Cam*, and *Ifis'* crystal Stream,
 By *Phæbus* lov'd, the *Muses'* sacred Theme.
 Brisk, sprightly, Scholars, fam'd for blooming Parts,
 Blend *Ceres'* Gift, with *Pallas'* heavenly Arts.
 The beauteous Goddesses instruct by Turns,
Pallas with Books, and *Ceres* pregnant Urns.

52 OCTOBER;

When purple Beams the pearly Morn disclose,
 They study lofty Strains, and classic Prose.
 When setting *Sol* seeks *India's* distant Coast,
 O'er native Liquors lovely Nymphs they toast.
 When they attempt in soaring Verse *Dumblain*,
 Not *Acheloian* Cups their Flights sustain.
 Maternal Milk, flowing from sacred Bowls,
 With nervous Verse supports their raptur'd Souls.
Delius, confess'd, with tuneful Strains inspires
 'Advent'rous Bards, whom gen'rous Nectar fires.
 While the dull Drinkers of the bubbling Spring,
 Born on *Icarian* Wings, presume to sing.
 What Flights would charm and lull th' attentive Ear?
 Could modern Bards drink *Heliconian* Beer.

Would bounteous Heaven my boldest Suit ap-
 prove,
 I'd not for waving Plumes, or Grandeur move ;
 Nor

Nor purple Vests, nor *Indian* Silks would wear,
 Lolling in Coach, or born in Velvet Chair;
 To sleep in gilded Rooms, and eat in Plate,
 With pompous Splendor, and majestic State.
 The modest Swain prefers, contemning Pride,
 A small Estate, where limpid Currents glide.
 There, like *Seranus*, I'd manure my Soil,
 Blending soft Ease, with Exercise, and Toil.
 In vernal Bloom, my genial Seed would sow,
 That from large Coolers streaming Wort may
 flow.

In well hoop'd Vessels pow'rful *Beer* wou'd keep,
 My captive Liquor thirty Moons shou'd sleep.
 With cluster'd Swarms when lab'ring Branches
 bend,

And *Titan's* Beams the teeming *Earth* impend;
 I'd treat selected *Friends* in shady Bow'rs,
 Where od'rous Gardens blush with fragrant Flow'rs.

When

54 OCTOBER;

When breezy *Zephyrs* close the purple Day,
 In shady Groves, or flow'ry Glades I'd stray.
 When rainy Clouds obstruct *Sol's* radiant Beams,
 Deceive the leaping Trout in ruffled Streams.
 From verdant Boughs, for lovely Nymphs, would
 reach
 The blushing *Nect'rine*, and the downy *Peach*.
 With Curds and Cream, my honest Neighbours treat,
 Nor envy *Monarchs* in any rural Seat.
 In golden Autumn Partridges would set,
 And sweep whole Covies with my spreading Net.
 Hunt circling Hares, or wily Foxes chase,
 Their mazy Rings, and fly *Meanders* trace.
 My nimble Hounds should tainted Tracks pursue,
 Fatal and sure, as *Ariadne's* Clue.
 In brumal Frost rove after feather'd Flocks,
 Or springing *Pheasants* shoot, and flushing Cocks.

My

My vivid Shot their glossy *Plumes* should tear,
And dropping *Snipes* lose fleeting *Lives* in Air.
When *Storms* arise, and ratling *Tempests* roar,
Cull from learn'd Authors all their choicest Oar.
Thus void of Care, my golden Days would spend,
Esteeming *Beveridge* an egregious Friend.
Virgil I'd read, and *Tully's* fluent Prose,
In pristine Innocence, and sweet Repose.
While Terrors seize, and anxious Cares invade
The conscious *Statesman*, shining in *Brocade*.

F I N I S.



My vivid Shot their glossy Plumes should tear,
 And dropping Swift lose footing Lives in Air.
 When Storms arise, and rattling Tempests roar,
 Call from leeward Anchors all their coasted Ore.
 Thus void of Care, my golden Days would spend,
 Effacing But with an anxious Friend.
 Night, Lull, and Truce, and Truce, and Truce,
 In pristine Innocence, and Truce, and Truce.
 While Terrors seize, and anxious Cares invade,
 The conscious Sighs, and Truce, and Truce.

